

Little Beast

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Little Beast

by [Swift_Fox](#)

Summary

“It’s such a shame you’re cooped up in here like Rapunzel there Buck.” John drawls lazily. He makes a show of looking around “Is Mother Gothel nearby?”

Buck has to fight back against another smile, wouldn't give him the satisfaction or the encouragement “Father Huglin is away at a conference today.”

“All alone without a chaperone.”

Gale shivers and it’s far too hot to blame it on anything other than the blatant interest in that voice.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

*"I wanted to take him home
and rough him up and get my hands inside him, drive my body into his
like a crash test car.*

*I wanted to be wanted and he was
very beautiful, kissed with his eyes closed, and only felt good while
moving."*

Richard Siken

Gale Cleven adjusts his collar, tugging it away from his slim neck in an effort to allow some modicum of breeze against his sweat-bloated skin. It was late July and while the nights were begging to have a bite to them the days were still brutally hot more often than not. The church was old, built of wood and stone, and adorned with a plaster ceiling that was lovingly illuminated with images of God and all his creations. The stained glass windows that filtered rainbow light onto the deep mahogany pews did not allow for an air conditioner and the single floor fan Father Huglin could stomach marring the perfect photo image of the interior did little more than push the dead air around.

There was an ancient AC unit in the back office but it reeked of cigarettes and cat piss so Gale much preferred to suffer the heat among the open air and sweet incense. He wanders about the vast space, lighting a few prayer candles and refolding the vestments. It was midmorning on a Tuesday and although the kids were out of school, few people found themselves at a church when they could be out enjoying the weather; or escaping it in the comfort of their own homes. He tugs on the white and black fabric again, rolling his neck and wishing he could also escape to the local rivers to cool off. Even though he was stripped down to the casual black button-down and slacks combo that was acceptable he still felt suffocated by the tight collar around his throat.

A noise cuts through the quiet, the heavy front door creaking open as if in protest before shutting with a slam so loud Gale knows whoever has entered made no effort to slow the lovingly carved wood's trajectory. He looks up, startled at the sudden interruption. Dust

motes drift through the air, golden and playful, and alight on the shoulders of a grinning young man.

Well, perhaps not so young; the crinkled laugh lines and masculine fullness of the man's body spoke of someone in their prime rather than the gangly youthfulness of early twenties. The man's eyes were a deep dark blue, like the last glimpse of the ocean before nightfall, and curling dark hair that fell over his forehead in cupid ringlets. His face was mischievous and sweet, covered with rough uneven stubble and a smartly trimmed mustache that aided in the roguish air about him.

His shoulders were big, hands bigger and was as tall as Gale, if not more so.

Dressed in a pair of dark shorts hemmed above the knees and a long T-shirt that left his arms mostly bare with hands adorned with a number of gold rings, he cut a rakish figure.

He was well-muscled.

Gale shakes himself internally and straightens his shoulders as the unknown man approaches.

Which was strange in of itself - Sheridan was not a large town and Gale knew most everyone in the congregation if not by name then certainly by sight.

"Welcome," he says, slightly self-conscious of the way his deep voice rumbles around the empty chapel. "I'm Father Cleven, how may I be of service to you my son?" It was always strange, calling someone the same age as him son, but he'd learned to brush it aside.

The man squints at him, tracks the bead of sweat carving its way down Gale's temple then kisses his teeth at him.

"Son...." he says, drawing the word out long and syrupy slow, both a question and a mockery. Gale feels his cheeks redden. "Looks like you're barely out of calling someone Daddy, same as me."

"Can I help you?" Gale repeats, flatter this time. And then, because there was something about that dark gaze that unsettles him, he adds "I'm twenty-four."

The man smiles, jaw working like he's chewing gum but all Gale can smell is cinnamon and the cloying scent of what he pretended not to know was marijuana.

"I'm twenty-seven. What's your name there, Buck?"

Oh, Gale did not like him. He can feel the muscles tick in his jaw "I already introduced myself, but I've no idea who you are."

"Father Cleven ain't your name that's a title. What's your *name* ?"

Gale presses his lips together and fixes the man with what he hopes is an uninterested stare. He knew he could be intimidating, had perfected his glare in the mirror, and then later on in hands-on practice. The brunette just grins, lips curling in a crooked grin that splits the planes of his cheeks into dozens of creases. He rocks forwards on his heels, leaning into the space around Gale, eyes so fucking intense Gale can't breathe.

He'd trained desire out of himself years ago. It would take more than

one dashing smile to ruin that.

For a moment he thinks the man is going to push further and Gale braces himself for a fight. There's a two-inch height difference between them, it's painfully obvious where Gale just barely has to flick his eyes upwards to meet the other's gaze. A dog showing its belly. But to his surprise, his unwelcome patron huffs a laugh and leans back out of Gale's space. Just like that the tension dissipates and Gale can take a breath. He'd never quite met someone who controlled the energy of an entire room so easily. The type of charisma that was the difference between a priest and a cult leader.

"Name's John Egan." John scratches the back of his head in a way that clearly shows the hard-won curve of his bicep. It's such a horrifically obvious move that Buck is disgusted with himself for even being endeared. "Everyone calls me Bucky."

He had a tongue piercing, a shiny chrome bead nestled in the center of his tongue. It teased between his teeth as he spoke.

Gale blinks rapidly, putting the pieces together. "Mrs. Egan's ah..." he gives John a quick once over and ignores the way the other man's mouth twists into a cheshire grin. "Grandson?" He guesses.

"Bingo." John clicks his teeth at Gale, knocking him lightly on the shoulder with the back of his hand. He brushes past Gale, stepping down the center aisle to take in the gold and oil paint illuminated iconostasis.

Gale follows him, fighting the urge to do the customary kneel and bow at every pew; he has a feeling such an action would draw several unwanted comments. "I heard Mrs. Egan hasn't been feeling well. Is she..."

“Oh the old bird is fine,” John waves a ringed hand dismissively. Gale can’t help but feel a little offended on the elderly woman's behalf, “She’s on bed rest until she agrees to start using her walker. Stubborn like the rest of us.”

“I’m glad to hear.”

“That she’s in a walker?”

Gale flushes “I didn’t mean-”

“Just kidding.” John shoots him another one of those guileless grins, so at odds with the sheer energy of the rest of him.

Gale sends a quick prayer to the Lord for strength. Then a second for good measure, crossing himself quickly.

John settles into the front row pew, throwing a long arm across the friction-shined back and lounging back as if he were home on his couch, thighs spread in a way Gale wasn’t sure was appropriate for church. They were covered with a modest dusting of dark hair, thickening towards the inside of his thigh and up towards-

Gale jerks his eyes upwards and realizes he has been caught. Mortification fills him and he clears his throat and turns around to light a few more memorial candles that had snuffed out as if even they too could not stand the heat.

“You’re not going to ask why I’m here?”

Gale was not going to be drawn in by this walking fucking temptation game. It was not his first time seeing a handsome man; not his first time being flirted with by one. Perhaps the years since he'd taken his vows had loosed the careful leash over his control. He takes a deep calming breath, straightens his back, and turns to face John with a blank expression.

“Our doors are open to all, regardless of need or reason.”

John's eyes glint, a wolf on the hunt. “That's pretty nice of you, Buck.”

Gale frowns slightly “My name's not Buck.”

“Yeah? What is it?”

John's grin is so smug, so self-amused and proud of himself that Gale has to bite back a smile. The sheer levels of hideous charisma were a shock to his system. He was used to dealing with the young and the elderly; those old enough to not know any other way and those too young to. The devil himself walking into his congregation wearing Old Spice cologne was not something the papacy had prepared him for.

“Father Cleven.” He says stiffly.

John grins at him, taps two fingers to his temple as if the two of them are in on some joke, and slumps further in his seat. A ruby red crying heart tattoo peeks out from his left thigh, the hands of Adam and God touch across his inner right elbow, and *Quod me nutrit, me destruit* scrawled across his opposite forearm.

That which nourishes me, destroys me.

His shirt sticks damply to his back, his chest. He wasn't tiny, he was a man with a man's body and muscle. But there was a slimness to his figure that John did not possess and he feels violently aware of it as John gives him another once-over. Even though he remains standing it doesn't much feel like he's at any advantage over John.

"It's such a shame you're cooped up in here like Rapunzel there Buck." John drawls lazily. He makes a show of looking around "Is Mother Gothel nearby?"

Buck has to fight back against another smile, wouldn't give him the satisfaction or the encouragement "Father Huglin is away at a conference today."

"All alone without a chaperone."

Gale shivers and it's far too hot to blame it on anything other than the blatant interest in that voice.

"Why are you here?" Gale asks, conceding one tiny slice in this verbal battle; if only to get a moment of relief from the relentless intent in that gaze.

John purses his lips triumphantly and waves one long-fingered hand. His rings catch the midday sun, glinting brightly. Gale wonders if they would feel cool against his lips, in his mouth.

"Francine's got it in her head that my soul needs saving," John says raising his eyebrows as if that was the wildest statement he had ever

heard.

“Francine?”

John waves a dismissive hand, “Grandma- whatever. Says I needed to march myself down here and take confession for my *and* her soul.”

“You call your grandmother by her first name?”

“Sure, you don’t?”

Gale fixes him with an unamused look. John holds his hands up in surrender, though Gale thinks it's a mockery more than anything. His pigtails were feeling thoroughly pulled. He shouldn't be thinking about hair-pulling at all. He clears his throat again, and wishes desperately for water, for a single breath of cool air on his over-heated skin. The temperature had only risen in the past few minutes; either by the sun being fully overhead or his own childish reactions to a little bit of attention.

“So will you?” John tilts his head, slow and catlike. One of his ears was pierced, stretched to the size of a pen by black plastic.

“Will I what?” Gale fights the urge to tug at his collar again, plants his hands firmly in his pockets, fists his hands slightly so the fabric at his front is looser. There was no issue yet. He just didn't want there to be one. He cursed bodies and unwanted reactions and cursed the way John's freckles sprinkled not just over his cheekbones but also his eyelids and angular soft lips.

“Take my confession.”

God only knew what sort of things a man like that had to confess. Gale inclines his head and heads towards the dark wood of the confessional.

“No,” John says quickly, pats the wooden seat next to him. “I don’t wanna go t’fuck in there. It’s already stuffy enough without cramming myself into a wooden box.”

Gale hesitates. He was inclined to agree with John. The confessional got uncomfortably warm even on more hospitable days, the enclosed space bouncing one’s body head right back inwards. On a day like this, it would be like stepping foot inside a furnace.

“We’re not really supposed to face each other, or see each other.”

“So we’ll close our eyes.” John pats the pew again, rings clinking metallically against the wood.

Feeling like he’s falling into a trap, Gale sits. Maybe if he does his duty, separates his ravenous hunger for this being in front of him for just long enough to take his confession then John will leave. Maybe, hopefully. He sends another plea up to the rafters before closing his eyes. Takes a breath; in through the nose, out through the mouth. He can feel a trickle of sweat slip through his hair. This close he can smell John. Down below the additives of life, the smell of skin and boyish sweat and something musky and warm.

“Speak.”

“Forgive me Father for I have sinned. It has been fifteen years since my last confession.”

John's voice was worse with Gale's eyes closed; liquid-smooth and curling across his skin like a caress. There was a richness to it, different from his own husky rasp. By the ease of John's words, he can tell that once upon a time he had been a very good catholic boy. Gale runs through Psalms in his head.

"I have lied and cheated. I have stolen and been unkind to my fellow man. I've drank and consumed meat on holy days. I've gambled a lot and lost even more"

This wasn't so bad, Gale could handle this. His fingers unclench and he relaxes his shoulders infinitesimally. *Just give him a Hail Mary and send him on his way* .

The trap springs shut. Gale can hear John's grin

"I've been promiscuous. I've fucked pretty boys in restaurants and truck stops. Bent them over my professor's desks and fucked two at once. I fuck them in the ass the way the good book tells us not to and they beg me for more. I make them blaspheme and blaspheme myself. I."

"Stop!" Gale says sharply his eyes flying open.

John was watching him and from the self-satisfied look on his face, Gale knew he had never closed his eyes in the first place.

"I wasn't done." Innocent, guileless. Gale could imagine how many things John had talked himself out of over the years. Imagine what he'd talked himself into. John's forearm lay across his thigh, wrist crooked lazily to dangle his hand between his legs. His thighs were soft with relaxed muscle, broad in the way athletes were. Masculine knobby knees and bony ankles.

Gale's face flushes and he shoots to his feet. His body is heating, the signs of his growing interest pressing against the thin fabric of his slacks. " *I'm* done." he snaps, fingers clenching and relaxing as he debates where trying to hide his issue would be admitting defeat. "This is beyond inappropriate."

"Is this the part where you kick me out for being a flaming sodomite? Cause I love a nice wet pussy too."

"Oh my G-" Gale presses his printer fingers to the bridge of his nose. Feels peppery anger snapping between his teeth as John laughs smugly at his near-slip. "This is harassment."

"You're into it."

"Am I?" Gale says evenly. His heart is racing, his cock is hard, he thinks he's never going to say enough Hail Mary's to make up for the thoughts running through his head.

"You homophobic then? Seems like the only two types of people who couldn't handle hearing my confession are the fire brimstone types or," John rakes his eyes over Gale again, flaying him bare. There's little spare room in Gale's slacks and he knows his arousal is obvious even before John's lips part in delight and hunger. He looks back up at Gale with single-minded focus. *Got you* his eyes said.

"Or, the ones who are gagging for it."

"Do you practice those one-liners in your mirror at home?"

John grins, head rolling lazily on his neck “Yeah.” Somehow Gale believes him.

It’s so fucking hot Gale thinks he might combust. He sucks in a ragged breath. He’s supposed to be more composed than this; more in control. He can’t think for the heat, can’t think for those dark glittering eyes looking up at him like he’s something special.

“You should leave.”

“Thought all were welcome.”

“Not when they’re harassing the *priest* .”

John leans forward, the pew creaking with his weight, “What’re you so afraid of padre? Don’t tell me you don’t want me”

Gale’s nostrils flare. He won’t give John the satisfaction of backing up. “That’s sort of the whole point of all this.”

“To not want?”

“To rise *above* it.”

John’s laugh cuts through the church, eyes sharp and smile sharper still; the cut of his white teeth like the fangs of a fox. “Something’s rising all right.”

“Leave please.”

“Who do you confess to Buck? Who are you going to tell you want to fuck one of your parishioners? ‘Forgive me Father I have sinned I rode his cock like it was the last thing I ever-”

Gale cuts him off with a kiss, one hand around John's throat and lips pressed so hard their teeth clack together. John makes a pained noise in the back of his throat but hooks a hand around the back of Gale's knee, yanking him until he half falls half hops into his lap. His kneecaps strike the wooden pews on either side of John's hips with a sharp crack, sending pain shooting up his legs. It just serves to wind him hotter. He presses himself to John, a hand knotted in his hair to tilt his head back to be claimed by his mouth.

It'd been years since he'd kissed anyone; he makes up for it with enthusiasm.

John groans in the back of his throat, large hands grasping at Gale's thighs, his waist, kneading his ass with a firm intent that has Gale's stomach doing backflips.

“Where'd a priest get a body like that?” He croons, a hand spidering its lazy way up Gale's back to knot in the honeyed strands at the back of his head.

Gale ignores him, gasping air between kisses, and makes his way over John's jawline. The skin is rough with stubble where he licks and nips, scratching his lips pleasantly as he tastes John's sweat-seasoned skin.

“Fuck yeah Buck, bite me.” John hisses as Gale's teeth find the bared tendon of his neck.

He obeys; can't help himself. He'd never left anyone a hickey on anyone before, but it didn't take him long to figure out the concept. Licks and tugs at the tender skin until John is panting and purple blooms like a flower under his skin. He kisses down to the hem of John's worn shirt, tugging the hemline side to lick into the divot of his collarbone, work the firm muscle joining neck to shoulder between his canines. John encourages him with pressing hands and approving noises. Squeezing and exploring and grabbing. He feels drunk though he's never been before; head filled with cottony lust and body feeling loose-limbed and clumsy.

"My name is Gale." he breathes, claims John's mouth again with his own, and lets out a shocked grunt when John yanks his head back, setting his teeth to Gale's neck with all the ferocity of a hungry dog

"Nice to meet you, Gale." John pants against his neck, worrying the skin over Gale's adam's apple with his teeth. Gale can't bring himself to consider what a bad idea that was, so caught up in the desire.

Buck mouths at the white and black fabric surrounding Gale's throat until it becomes heavy and damp. Wet with the other man's lust. Gale is breathing so hard every exhale is punctuated by a quiet whine. They're pressed together, line to line. Gale and feel John's ribs against him as he inhales, feel the other man's hardness pressing against his stomach. John's hands are big, big on the knobs of his spine and across the span of his ribs to tug the bottom of his shirt out of his slacks. His knuckles brush Gale's sweaty stomach as he works the buttons. His rings were cool, hands blisteringly hot.

The wooden pew creaks beneath him and Gale has a split second of clarity. He shoves John back with a hand to the chest, the other man grunting softly.

"We're in the middle of church," Gale says, shocked at how steady his

voice sounds. He feels utterly undone.

“Yeah,” John agrees with far more relish than he should. He leans forward and begins pressing gentle open-mouthed kisses along Gale’s neck.

“Anyone could walk in.” The thought kicks his heartbeat a few notches higher. It makes him hard, a wet spot in the crease of his thigh where he was dripping. John licks across the seam of his throat and tugs the collar aside to bite another mark just below it.

“Nobody’s going to walk in. Mass isn’t until six”

Gale should pull away. His vows are already shattered beyond repair; he could at least attempt to regain some of his dignity. “You do this to every priest you come across?”

“You’re the one in *my* lap.” John drags his hand across Gale’s clothed cock, palm near bruising with the pressure. Gale keens, dropping his head to the other man’s shoulder and biting down harshly. “Come on Father,” another slow filthy drag, clever fingers tugging on the waistband of his slacks, “you’ve come this far.”

“ *Fuck* .”

John’s fingers are burning hot where they tease over the head of his cock, calluses catching at the sensitive head. Gale can’t help but roll his hips, alternating between panting open-mouthed and biting down across the roadmap of John’s shoulder. He’s going to come like this; too many years between the last time another’s hand had been on him and now. Too long since he’d taken his own guilty pleasures. He feels prized like a prize horse before the races, trembling and ready to take off at any moment.

“Gunna have to pray for forgiveness for that one Father,” John murmurs in his ear, nipping at the shell of it and twisting his wrist just so. It’s perfect, it’s awful. It’s too fucking much. Gale executes his plan half-cocked

Bruised kneecaps hit the hardwood a second time as Gale slips off John’s lap and to his knees. Once again the sting is secondary to everything else. The thighs bracketing his head, bigger and stronger up close now; the musky smell of his skin and his arousal. The quiet noise of surprise John makes as if Gale had truly startled him. Gale shuffles forward and it’s endearing the way John eagerly scrabbles at his shirt, yanking it up over a well-muscled stomach cut through with a dark line of coarse hair.

“Fuck- didn’t think you’d- please.”

Gale shivers, relieved that John is the one on the back foot for once. Loves the way his lips form around the word ‘please.’

This is the point where he should stop. Someone could still walk in. He could still go to confession and repent. He could keep his fucking *job*. He believed in God, in his own offhanded sort of way; but it was a violent home and an uncertain future that had led him to the cloth. That and a healthy dose of repression; a nagging conviction that he was wrong for his desire not because of the orientation but for the *desperation* of it. This is the part where he passes this twisted test the Lord has presented to him.

John, with a lack of shame that was becoming characteristic, draws himself out of his shorts. He’s proportional to the rest of his largeness; thick and curved with a hint of well-kept dark hair peeking through his knuckles where he grips the base of himself. Gale’s fingers clench on John’s thighs, pressing bruises into the tears of the heart on John’s thigh.

“You ever sucked someone off before Father?”

It's heady, and a little humiliating to hear his title in a situation like this; on his knees ready to take whatever this man has to offer. He feels dizzy with it like the sheer vastness of his wants and desires were bursting his seams.

“It's interesting how you put so much effort into learning my name only to not use it.”

John grins at him, teeth sharp. “Have you ever sucked someone off, *Gale* ?”

That was no better, worse perhaps even. “I had a life before I took my vows.”

“Yeah? Got lots of practice, did you?”

Some. Nothing like this . “Sure.”

It was a verbal sparring match every time one of them spoke; Gale feels like he was losing more often than not. John is staring at him with heavy eyes, lips parted. A bead of sticky pre wells up from the head of John's cock and slips down the side over his knuckles

This is what Lucifer felt like before the fall.

Gale leans forward and swallows him down like eucharist.

John groans, punched out, and guttural. He knots both hands in Gale's hair, twisting the thick blonde strands between his fingers. Gale can see him through the curtain of his lashes, head hanging so the handsome lines of his neck are exposed to the stained-glass light. Sweat drips down his skin, darkening the collar of his shirt.

"Fuck-" he hisses, chokes off in a whimper, and cups the back of Gale's neck, tilting his head to guide his dick further down Gale's throat. Gale lets him, realizing muscle memory accounts for only so much when it's been so long. When John stretches him so wide. Gale stretches his jaw wider, works his tongue along the flat bottom of the man's cock, pleased to hear the sounds of appreciation. He hadn't been awful at this, once upon a time.

"Yeah baby, relax your jaw just like that," John whispers, trailing his fingers along the stretch of Gale's jaw, thumbs the drooling space at the corner of his mouth as he might slip the digit in next to his cock.

It's hot, it's so unbelievably hot, Gale feels awash with it. Sweat drips between his shoulder blades, down his chest. Stings into his eyes and falls onto the flat planes of John's stomach, joining his own beaded moisture. His cock is dripping, throbbing behind the careful cage of his pants. He knows he must look like a hideous mess, debauched and flayed bare. John looks at him like he's something holy. Feeds him the rest of his cock inch by inch until Gale's nose is buried in soft dark curls. It's the limit of his vision to look up at him and it must paint a pretty picture because John groans, eyes darting around as if he's taking in every detail.

"Lemme fuck your throat. Can I- Can I?" John was panting now, open-mouthed and wet, one hand brushing Gale's sweat-soaked bangs off his forehead and the other tracing the seam of his lips over and over; feeling where his cock vanishes inside Gale's mouth. The brunette's shirt is plastered to his chest, every line of his body on view for the

visual feast. Masculine and erotic. John could be a du Maal come to life.

Gale can't speak, doesn't know if he could even if his mouth was free. Feels cock-dumb and floaty. Who would have thought he'd spend all these years reading the bible only to find religious ecstasy between a burnout's thighs. He presses the point of his tongue to John's frenulum, massages it there until he feels him shiver and gasp.

"Fuck!"

John tugs Gale off him slightly then rolls his hips forwards slow as molasses. Exhales sharply and repeats the motion, drawing him off a little further so he can plunge back in deep. The noises coming from Gale's mouth -from his *throat* - feel violent in their obscenity. Wet and too-full and desperate. Like something he'd seen in a porno back as a curious teenager fisting his cock under the shameful cover of darkness. He didn't know it was something *he* was capable of.

John's gathering speed now, bullying his way down Gale's throat with moans and bitten-off curses that have his head spinning. He was doing this, making this man feel so good he was singing his praises. He could die from the sheer overwhelm. His eyes water, tears gathering at the corners and the lower half of his face is a mess of saliva precum, and sweat. He feels filthy, he feels like flying. John bottoms out, pressing Gale's nose into his stomach, hand clamped on the back of his neck commandingly, and grinds against his face with liquid rolls of his hips. Gale is nothing more than a tool for his pleasure, hands gripping John's thighs for balance, heart hammering wildly, and chest aching for a full breath. He has to pull back, thinks he might cry for the loss of it, and John lets him go easy.

The sound of John's spit-slicked cock leaving his throat is nearly as filthy as the sound it made going in. Strings of thick dripping saliva connect them, pulling tight and dripping to the floor as Gale rests his cheek on John's thigh, trying to catch his breath. His throat feels raw

and too open, his lips flush and swollen. Fingers curl gently around the shell of his ear, stroking the soft peach fuzz there, and that undoes him more than a cock down his throat. Gale whines slightly, tucks his face into the inner muscle of John's thigh, and tries to believe that he'd really just done that. Really got down on his knees for this man he'd never met before; this man he wasn't sure if he even *likes* .

“God,” John whispers. He’s still hard, curving over his belly, skin still shiny with Gale’s spit. “Goddamn,” he says, sounding as dazed as Gale feels. It’s a relief, at least, to know he's not the only one feeling a little out of his mind.

“You take it like you’ve been practicing Father. Never had anyone suck me as well as you do.”

Gale wipes his face with the back of his hand, “You sound straight out of a bad porno.”

John laughs and arches his back, peeling his soaked shirt over his head to finally reveal the well-formed lines of him. “Maybe. But it gets your cock wet.”

He has a woodcut tattoo of Magdalene's skull on his sternum. Gale wants to *devour* him.

“Is this what you imagined?” Gale says roughly, voice ruined and rasping, “Is this what you came here for?”

John leans forward and gets two hands under the back of Gale's thighs, tugging him back up into his lap, nudging him up until the priest sits high on his haunches, hands braced on John’s shoulders.

“C’mon up.” He leans forwards to press sloppy open-mouthed kisses to the vulnerable span of Gale’s stomach. John’s tongue ring presses coolly against Gale’s hipbone, dips into his belly button, and swirls across his near-transparent happy trail. Fingers, surprisingly nimble for their size quickly undo the rest of the buttons and Gale lets the shirt fall from his shoulders to the floor; tugs the white collar from around his neck and finally feels like he can take a breath.

“Better than what I imagined.” John murmurs, scraping his teeth along the flesh of Gale’s ribs, hands bracketing his hips, “See you every Sunday up there dressed all up in your finery and knew I had to taste you.”

Gale blushes at the approval, at the confession of John having been *watching* him. *Wanting* him. “How'd you know?”

John unsnaps the button of Gale’s slacks with an easy-practiced movement, swirls his tongue in mindless patterns across his stomach; laps up his sweat like communion wine.

“Know what?”

From his vantage point poised above John’s lap, Gale can see the front door to the church. It mocks him with its stillness. It could be broken at any moment. It kicks his heart up a few more notches and he has to look down; cannot face the enormity of the desire that kicks through him.

What would they say if they saw? Would they find him shocking in his carnality? Disgusting in his disheveled state? Would they find him beautiful?

“Know that I-” Gale swallows, throat clicking as John seals his lips

over the wet patch on his slacks; as he finds the shape of his cockhead through the fabric and sucks his need from the cloth. He keens, head falling back on the stem of his neck, chases that too-hard suction with his hips. John's thumbs circle over his hipbones and draw his slacks down his thighs.

"I know what desire looks like Buck," John drawls, and rubs his face across Gale's stomach, scruff catching the hyper-sensitive skin. "You hate this fucking church, pacing around it like a bird in a cage. You were just looking for an excuse to take that collar off."

Gale's breath catches and he feels a faint stringing behind his eyes. He combs his fingers through John's curls, thick and heavy with sweat, then knots them harshly at the back. He yanks John's head back and kisses him, swallows the other man's hissing moan. John's grip goes from firm to vice-like, pushing bruises into Gale's skin with single-minded pressure. It's not something Gale has ever felt before and his body *sings*. He locked himself away because the vastness of his desires had scared him. Buried it under cloth and communion, wished it could just go away. He burns with it now, a verifiable inferno. Helpless to the things he wants, to the way this is the most exciting fucking thing to happen to him in years. To be noticed and seen and wanted. He wants John to want him with all the violence of a car crash.

Gale bites John's bottom lip, tugs it harshly, and kisses away the man's moans, swallows them down where he can keep them forever in his belly. He curves around John like a serpent, presses them into the heated wood of the church pews, and sinks his tongue into the man's throat until they both grow dizzy from it.

"I need to fuck you." John pants, eyes dazed and mouth a red swollen slash against the handsomeness of his face. "I need- please let me fuck you, Gale."

Life pivots on the knife's-edge of two choices. Gale pretends for a moment he hadn't already made his choice.

Gale nods.

There's an awkward scramble, John pulling a travel packet of lube and a condom from his pocket and Gale leaning back so they can wiggle the rest of his clothes off. Gale tries not to think about how prepared John was for this. As if he went around ready for a little public sex at any given time; or he was that confident in his success with Gale.

John holds his hands up, spreading his fingers wide, "Take these off for me?"

Gale stares at him for a moment, kind of wanting to tell him to go fuck himself thank you very much but he's more than sure John will turn that right around on him. *You're already doing that for me ain'tcha*? After a moment he carefully tugs the rings off one by one, dropping them onto the pew beside them. John smiles at him in approval.

They come back together in a desperate clash, teeth against flesh and hands through sweaty hair. John groans deep in his chest; it rumbles against Gale's thighs, spread just wide enough to account for the other man's broad frame that he can't relax into it. He barely notices John popping the cap, slicking his fingers, and easing his way up his thighs. John grips his ass, spreading him open and circling Gale's entrance with his other finger. In this position, Gale can't kiss John, can only kneel there and let the other man play with his body as he sees fit. He drops his head and closes his eyes at the way John is gazing up at him hungry for every reaction. Closes them at how his leaking cock bumps against the other man's chest, sliding through the sparse chest hair and leaving slick shiny streaks behind.

John's finger pauses then presses in, slow and dragging, his other fingers gripping at Gale's ass more firmly as if to hold him open.

Gale's breath rattles out of his chest. He's quiet, had trained himself to silence long before there had been talks of vows. But it's worse somehow that way because he can hear *everything* . The slick sounds of John working him open; pressing in a second finger. The soft bitten-off whines he lets out every few breaths as if the very act of touching Gale is enough to have him on the edge. The birds outside, cars passing by. Perhaps even the faintest hint of voices, the world continuing on outside oblivious to Gale destroying his entire life just inside the doors of their most sacred space. He drops his chin down with a quiet whine that tears itself into a groan, hips kicking forward as John crooks his fingers just right inside him. He can feel his cock twitch.

"That feel good?" John croons and curls his middle and ring finger inside Gale, rolling his wrist. Like someone might a pussy. "You're so quiet, I bet I could fuck you with the full congregation here and get away with it."

Fuck . Gale squeezes his eyes shut, tries not to picture it. John on his knees in front of Gale, broad shoulders pressing his legs apart and mustache tickling Gale's skin as he takes him to the root.

"John," He says softly, gasping as John slips in a third finger, drags the rough pads of them across his prostate. " *John* ."

John drops his head to Gale's hop, groans and presses a kiss to the sharp curve of the bone. "The way my name sounds in that deep voice of yours. All roughed up from my cock. Fuck can I come to mass tonight just to hear your sermon all rasping and fucked up?"

Gale grips his jaw, skin twisting with the force of it and kisses him hard; kisses him furiously. *Shut the fuck up. Shut the fuck up* . John laughs and bites Gale's lip until it stings. Gives it right fucking back. Gale pulls back; John's fingers slip out of him with the movement. The

loss is so sudden, so unwelcome it hits him with the force of a hurricane. He reaches back and grips the base of John's cock, steadying himself with his other hand on John's shoulder. The brunette sucks in a breath, eyes lighting up and a gracious hand going to steady Gale's hip.

"Oh hell yeah-"

"Shut up," Gale grunts and hesitates for a moment. It had been years and John was nothing to bat an eye at.

But the way John is looking at him, sweat beaded on his forehead and across his shoulder blades; carving waterfall paths over his chest. The raw hunger in his eyes, the desperation and anticipation. It felt impossible that John burned for this half as desperately as Gale with all his repression did. But the evidence was there in those lapis dark eyes.

John slips inside him with one easy movement of Gale's hips. It's a stretch even with the prep, John tilting so deep in him that Gale wonders how he doesn't see him peeking through his fucking stomach. The way John throws his head back with a whimper eases any sting Gale might feel. He can't really move at this angle, too worried about slipping off the pew so he settles for just grinding his hips at a slow stuttering pace, out of practice and desperate. His cock is so hard it hurts, drooling a steady stream onto the skeletal face of Mary Magdalene.

"You're so fucking gorgeous," John hisses. "You're so goddamn pretty it's a crime-"

Gale covers his mouth, panting heavily and cheeks mortified. John moans, eyes going heavy and Gale can feel his lips press a kiss to the center of his palm. The other man's big hands kneed his ass, guiding

his hips in a practiced rhythm that has heat licking up Gales's spine. His limbs turn liquid, John fists his cock in one hand. He's going to come like this, he's going to *come* . This slow grinding fucking was going to be the death of him; John hitting every inch of pleasure with agonizing slowness. Every sensation was drawn out and heady. He's slumping against John's chest, mouthing at his neck for something to distract himself from the impending orgasm.

He hadn't been fucked in half a decade. He should be grateful he'd even made it this far; hadn't shot off in his pants from the start.

His hands claw at John's shoulders, drag across the rough stubbled skin of his neck. He swallows John's moans down, lips pressed to his with a predator's ferocity. Their bodies are slick with sweat, sliding against each other in a bacchanalian combination of desire and exertion. He should warn John, whisper against his lips how devastatingly close he is.

Why should he? He's already come so far with this. Could argue that he was just going along with things; a fallible man as was Adam's curse. But if he were to simply take his pleasure, become an active participant in his own fall from grace? The boldness of that knocks him flat.

He's sure John can tell anyway, Gale panting open-mouthed into their kisses; thighs trembling, eyes rolling every time John bottoms out inside him.

“Flee from sexual immorality. Every other sin a person commits is outside the body, but the sexually immoral person sins against his own body. Or do you not know that your body is a temple of the Holy Spirit within you, whom you have from God? You are not your own, for you were bought with a price. So glorify God in your body.”

John kisses like he's dying. Leads with his lips and follows with the rest of his body. Not just the press of his mouth but the way he tilts

his head to deepen the contact; the way he rolls their chests together with the rhythm of their tongues. John kisses him like they're both falling. Gale's hips stutter, heat shooting up his spine and down deep in his belly. He comes with a silent open-mouthed shout; hips stuttering hands trembling where they cling to John's shoulders. He paints poor fucking Mary's face white.

John works him through it, both hands on his ass and guiding his erratic movements. Praise falls against Gale's cheek where John presses his lips. Guides him through the wild burning pleasure of his orgasm, drawing it out until Gale thinks he's going to die.

And then he doesn't stop.

And he doesn't stop.

The pleasure builds, shatters through the roof and his silent noises begin to louden. Gasps and choked-off whimpers, half-formed words. His hips try to wiggle away, hands going from grabbing to clawing.

"John- Fuck I can't-"

"You can take it." John pants, "you can take it."

He lifts them both with a grunt, pulling out and flipping them sound so Gale is kneeling on the pew alone, chest pressed to the back seat warm from their entanglement. His legs are spread, vulnerable, and ready. Gale tries not to think about what he must look like. John's hand soothes along his spine, and strokes along his ribs before anchoring on Gale's hip. He can hear the slick sounds of John getting more lube, slicking himself up, and then some. He steps forward, pressing a kiss between Gale's shoulder blades.

“You can take it,” he says for a third time and *God* Gale doesn’t think anyone would question that voice. But even with his firm words, Gale can notice that the other man pauses, giving Gale time to deny it.

Forks in the road; again and again. God himself driving home the point that this is his fault and his alone. He settles more firmly on his knees; barely noticing their bone-deep ache. John lets out a little huff of a laugh, almost like he’s surprised.

He slips inside Gale with a slow steady movement that has them both groaning. Gale’s shivering with every lazy thrust of John’s hips, hands slipping on the sweat-slicked wood of the pew. It’s too good, too intense. His voice climbs higher and higher, echoing through the rafters.

“Yeah, thought I had to get you a little fucked up to get you noisy.” John breathes; almost to himself.

He hooks a hand on Gale’s shoulder, fingers pressed sharply into the ridges and divots of his spine and pulls him back more firmly onto his cock. Rougher, pace a little more hungry. A little more desperate. The noises Gale is making are awful. Humiliating. He can’t stop himself and bites his forearm until he knows it will bruise. John doesn’t seem to like that, knotting his fingers in Gale’s hair and uses it to tug the other man back against his chest. John replaces Gale’s forearm with his fingers. Presses down on his tongue and scissors his fingers as if working him open. Gale bites down and John moans open-mouthed against the corner of Gale’s lips. He lets Gale press his pleasure into his skin with his teeth.

John is as noisy as Gale is quiet, whispering desperate needy praises into his ear. Gale tries not to *die*. His eyes sting, tears of pleasure gathering and feathering his lashes. He drops his head back against John’s shoulder and tries to survive the waves of feeling rolling

through his body. Painful, pleasurable, the perfect mix of the two.

What kingdom could God promise that could compare to the earthly pleasure of a beautiful man entwined together with him.

“You’re going to think of this.” John rambles brokenly. “Every time you give your little sermons you’ll look over at this spot and think of this. Me makin you come all over the hymnals.”

Gale gasps for breath, licks his tongue between the two fingers in his mouth, and promises the higher powers he’ll never look at another man again after this. If he could just have this without judgment.

“I’ll come sometimes. Sit right in that spot and then you can think about kneeling between my thighs while you preach about being good little boys and girls.”

Fuck you. Fuck you . Gale can’t spit the words past John’s fingers. *Fuck me .*

John’s close. His thrusts are coming more uneven now, whimpers more desperate. He slips his fingers from Gale's mouth and presses him back down against the pew. John hunches over his back, chasing his pleasure as Gale digs his nails into the polished wood and grinds his hips back against him. It’s well past the point of pain, his body tingling with pleasure and agony. He can’t stop, can’t help but want to take everything John will give him.

“ T-turn around. Fuck. Turn around. ” John moans suddenly.

Gale obeys in a scramble, limbs heavy and unresponsive. He half

kneels half slumps back against the heated wood and tries to breathe. He realizes John wants to come on his face. Breathing, mouth slightly open he watches as John works himself over with desperation, eyes raking over Gale's face with an arousal that bordered on fury.

"You have no idea how good you look- no fucking idea how much I'm going to think about this."

"Come on my face," Gale says.

John does, a hand bracing on the back of the pew above Gale's shoulder and the other aiming as he comes across the moles on Gale's nose, the curve of his cheekbone, and his parted lips. The noise he makes will feature in Gale's dreams for the rest of his life.

John wipes himself off on Gale's swollen mouth and he doesn't hesitate before darting his lips out to taste.

John backs off, breathing heavily and taking in the state he's left Gale in. Gale's knees were killing him, his brow was slick with sweat and there was still come on his face; which was rapidly becoming less and less enjoyable. John hesitates for a moment then grabs Gale's discarded shirt to wipe his skin clean.

"You're the only one here with a change of clothes." John reasons at Gale's affronted look.

Gale could almost forgive him if it wasn't for the smug grin that accompanied his words. A tone that said he particularly enjoyed using Gale's priestly vestments to clean up their infraction. But his touch was gentle, carefully wiping around Gale's eyes and nose.

“There,” John says, eyes crinkling with a grin, “Like nothing ever happened.”

Fitting John with with a dry look Gale brushes past him to tug his clothes -sans shirt- back on. He can hear rustling behind him as John tucks himself back into his shorts. He waits for the panic to hit but his body feels oddly calm. Like a tiny ring of stress in his back suddenly uncurled. There’s a cabinet behind the icon screen and Gale is able to find a spare shirt there; a white cotton t-shirt that isn’t quite churchmen-appropriate but was far more pleasantly cool than the heavy black button-down. By the time he comes back, John has pulled his shirt on again and is tucking his crosses back out of view.

He had noticed earlier, had marked it as strange that a man such as John not only wore a cross but *two* . One a dainty tarnished pewter thing that he’d flipped so the cross was introverted. The other is a rosary-turned necklace, beads red as droplets of blood. They both looked old, the sort of thing that could be family heirlooms.

John gives him a slow once-over, something in the moue of his mouth saying that he liked what he saw. It set Gale’s ears flaming and he feels shyder than when he had been riding the man’s cock. He turns away.

“There’s a bathroom to your left. You can clean yourself up a bit,” he says stiffly.

John was looking at him, head tilted. He quirks his mouth to the side in an unreadable expression. “Are you going to freak out now?”

“Would you care?”

“Sure.” John shrugs a shoulder and grins. It doesn’t sound that

convincing, however.

Gale thinks he might hate him a bit as John catches him in another sunny grin.

“So, this time next week?”

“Get out.”

John laughs delightedly, shoots him a wink, and tucks his hands into his pockets. His hair was se-mussed and twisted around his head in wild curls, blue eyes snapping playfully. “I’ll get you to admit you want me.”

“I think that’s already been made clear.”

John just nods sagely, smiling like he knows a secret Gale doesn’t, and shoots him a two-fingered salute, “See you ‘round, Padre.”

Gale gazes at a painted relief of the Resurrection until the church doors open and close again.

In the silence of the church, Gale lets a slow breath. First time, last time. Never again. He’d made the decision on the trajectory of his life long ago and though he may have been raised by them Gale was not the type of man to give up. If John did return next week like a dog panting at a bitch’s heels Gale would turn him away.

He looks over at the pew and blushes.

End Notes

I Don't Know What Happened I Blinked And It Wrote Itself I Swear.

Uhh part of a highly self-indulgent au I came up with. May write more for it cause I do have a background for them.

Come talk to me on tumblr @swiftly-fox and see some art I did for John for this. You'll see why Gale jumped his bones

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!